

LARCHMOUNT WRECK FOUND
Definitely Located By A Noank Fisherman

Providence, March 19.—The sunken wreck of the steamer Larchmount in Block Island Sound has been definitely located, and it is to be blown up as a menace to navigation. Capt. James Buddington, a Noank, Conn., fisherman, found the wreck while setting trawls, and he notified Captain Wilkey, one of the steamboat inspectors at New London. Capt. Sherman on board the United States ship Cactus, then went to work. Capt. Sherman found the wreck exactly as reported by Captain Buddington, the foremast of the steamer being still attached to the vessel. In his report to the Lighthouse Board Capt. Sherman says the wreck is a dangerous obstruction to navigation. Having satisfied himself that the wreck was that of the Larchmount, Captain Sherman placed buoys about the sunken steamer and returned to New London.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS
Would Save Key Mansion
Washington, March 20.—Active steps are at last being taken to save from destruction the old Key mansion, occupied by Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The old mansion is located in Georgetown and is in a state of decay, having been neglected for many years. Several unsuccessful efforts have been made to preserve the historic house, but no real progress was made until United States District Attorney Baker proposed to organize a corporation to raise funds with which to purchase the mansion. Admiral Dewey, Admiral Schley, General Miles and many other distinguished officers of the army and navy have given their cooperation to the movement.

National Metal Trades
Boston, Mass., March 20.—Members of the National Metal Trades Association, composed of manufacturers of the principal cities of the country, will gather in Boston today for their annual convention. The reports of the officers show that the association has nearly doubled its membership during the past twelve months. Numerous questions of vital importance to the trade are slated for discussion at the convention.

Americans Wed in England
London, March 20.—At Headcorn, Kent, the wedding will take place today of Miss Nannie Jencks Garden, a daughter of the late Norman E. Borden of Fall River, Mass., and

WORMS

Unsuspected worms are the cause of many little things that go wrong with children. When a child is sick you rarely think that its sickness is caused by worms. Yet worms, either directly or indirectly, are the cause of three quarters of all the ills of childhood. Children, and often-times adults feel out of sorts; are irritable, feel listless and unfresh in the morning; suffer with indigestion, have a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy, and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions—in the majority of cases the cause of all the trouble is worms though you may not suspect their presence.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

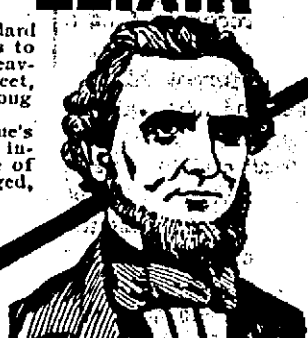
A pure vegetable compound, has been the standard household remedy since 1851; it never fails to expel not only worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure, the stomach sweet, the bowels regular and the whole system strong and healthy.

The mother who gives her children Dr. True's Elixir regularly is wise, because it not only increases the appetite, acts as a preventative of colds, croup, fever and worms but gives rugged, robust health.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

Write for free booklet, "Children and their Diseases."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO.,
Auburn, Me.



ASK NAVY YARDS FOR BIDS
Their Estimate Desired on Big Battleships

Washington, March 20.—It has been decided to ask the naval constructors at the Brooklyn, Norfolk and Mare Island yards to submit bids on the two big battleships which will probably be constructed under contract. It is desired by the navy department to obtain this information respecting the expense of building the vessels at government plants. The proposals will at least afford an opportunity for interesting comparisons, although the private shipbuilders say that it is possible to obtain from a navy yard almost any sort of a bid, as it is difficult to get down to actual cost in the execution of work, either repair or construction, at a government plant. The critics of such information say that there is always something omitted which should be included. The naval constructors, on the other hand, say that the estimates which it is proposed to derive from the navy yards are accurate in all respects, and may very well be considered as competitive bids. Special consideration is to be given to the question of time in the construction of the ships, and there is likely to be some competition among the rival bidders in this respect.

Central League Meeting
Evansville, Ind., March 20.—Satisfied that the coming season will be the most successful in the history of their organization, the magnates of the Central League will gather here today for their schedule meeting. With the Evansville and Terre Haute teams thoroughly reorganized, the managers are of the opinion that the race this summer will be as interesting as the contest three years ago, when all the clubs were fighting for the pennant. Besides adopting a schedule, the meeting will go on record as being opposed to any kind of a change in the circuit, and may also take steps by which the three-year agreement, which expires with this season, will be renewed.

To Block Charles W. Morse
Baltimore, Md., March 20.—At today's annual meeting of the Merchants and Miners' Transportation Company the necessary steps will be taken to consummate the community of interest agreement with the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, with a view to blocking the plans of Charles W. Morse for control of all coastwise lines from New England to the Gulf. The Merchants and Miners is to make an exchange of securities with the railroad. In order to do this the annual meeting will probably decide to increase the issue of capital stock. As soon as the plans are worked out the combined forces will make a strong bid for new Florida and Gulf business in competition with the Morse lines. A new steamship line from Baltimore to Jacksonville may be the first move, and the extension will probably be continued until several Gulf ports are made terminals of trade from Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Freddie Cole vs. Matty Baldwin
Indianapolis, Ind., March 20.—The Indianapolis Athletic Club has arranged the most promising card of the local season for its boxing show tonight. The wind-up will bring together Matty Baldwin of Boston and Freddie Cole of this city for a ten-round bout. Baldwin is one of the leading boxers in the country at his weight. Cole, though a fighter of much less experience, is recognized as a clever lad and hard hitter and his many admirers are confident he will make a good showing against the Boston fighter.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

GRAND JURY REPORTS
United States Court Completes Work Here

The grand jury of the United States district court came in at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and returned ten indictments, only one of which was made public.

William Moreaux aged 14 and Albert Camille aged 15, of Newmarket, were indicted for the larceny of \$15 from the Newmarket Post Office. Lawyer Thorpe was assigned as counsel for the boys and at the suggestion of the District Attorney the case was transferred to the Circuit Court, May term, and the lads held in \$200 bonds, which was furnished by their parents.

Leland Wilbur, of Seabrook, charged with larceny of a letter from the United States mail, was represented by Lawyer Allen and as he had already served seven months in jail, he was given a suspended sentence of one year in state prison.

Court adjourned until Thursday at Concord.

PLAYING SEASON OF SOME OF THE BIG LEAGUES

American League—Opening date, April 11, closing date Oct. 6, number of games 154.

National League—Opening date April 11, closing date Oct. 6, number of games 154.

American Association—Opening date April 17, closing date Sept. 16, number of games 154.

Southern League—Opening date April 10, closing date Sept. 14, number of games 140.

Eastern League—Opening date April 24, closing date Sept. 24, number of games 140.

South Atlantic League—Opening date April 8, closing date Sept. 4, number of games 130.

Texas League—Opening date April 20, closing date Sept. 5, number of games 140.

Northwestern League—Opening date April 20, closing date Oct. 6, number of games 151.

New York State League—Opening date May 9, closing date Sept. 21, number of games 120.

Tri-State League—Opening date April 24, closing date Sept. 14, number of games 127.

Wisconsin State League—Opening date May 9, closing date Sept. 22, number of games 126.

Three-I League—Opening date May 1, closing date Sept. 22, number of games 140.

WILL SOON BE OFFICIALLY FREED

After the adjustment of a few legal matters by the county commissioners, the Stratham-Newfields toll bridge will be taken over by the county and the bridge officially freed. H. F. Marden, the bridge keeper, will probably complete his duties in a short time.

CURRENT VERSE.

Where Prairie Breezes Blow.
O the scent of the sage comes drifting down on the breath of a prairie breeze.
From the plains where the bunch grass grows brown, like the waves of the summer seas.
And the dear, sweet smell of the hillside pines, and the cottonwoods that grow in canyons deep, comes home to me when the west winds gently blow.

I can see the bulk of a milling herd in the main clouds massing black
(By the angry breath of the storm wind stirred) and riders on its track.
I can hear the rush of a mad stampede when the lightnings flash and glow.
And wild hoofs beating the prairie sod, when the stirring west winds blow.

O for the feel of a braided rein and the plunge of a prairie steed.
And the brave, true hearts that the open plain and the wind swept mountains breed.

O for the days on the long divide, and nights by the camp fires glow.
Hard on the trail of the herds that roam where the prairie breezes blow.
—Bernard W. Sinclair, in the Bohemian.

The North Wind's Musterling.
From the dark of the boreal seas,
From the midnight morn of the pole,
To the sands of your southland seas,
Where, sweetening cities roll;
From the still of the Caves of the Cold,
To the resonant marches of men,
By the wind that runs, I summon my sons
To the arms of the north again.
To the ships of the scurrying main
Where the stern wheels southward thrum,
To the lands of the Sun and the Rain,
On the wings of the dark I come;
And never thy Love nor the lure
Of thy Fame shall make thee free,
For a sail or a soul, at my rallying roll,
Must turn to the North with me.

Ye have fathomed the fens of the East
And the reach of the West ye know
And the wilds of the Earth, as the beast,
Ye have tamed to the whip and the hoe;
But the breath of my pitiless plains:
Ye have faced—Ye have failed of the
Ye have fared—Ye have failed of the
And the drums of the North, they shall summon ye forth,
Till ye win to the prize of the Pole!
—Chester Firkins, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

The Broken Vase.
This vase, where the white rose dies,
By touch of a wing was cleft,
Grating it, as a bird's beak;
No sound revealed the rift.

The slight, the secret wound,
Has grown from day to day,
Stealthily creeping around
Biting the crystal away.

Its dew no more protects
The rose, that hangs forgot,
Dying—yet none suspects
'Tis broken—touch it not.

A hand we love may wound
By touch in gentlest guise,
Then, with no sign, no sound,
The heart breaks, and love dies.

The word does not, nor knows:
But the heart's one wounded spot
Weeps life blood, and deepens and grows:
'Tis broken—touch it not.
—From Sully Prudhomme, by Curtis Hidden Page, in the Metropolitan.

A Little While Ago.
There comes a song in summer days,
A low and tremulous refrain;
'Tis murmured in the leafy ways,
And in the dropping of the rain.
It tells of pleasures all complete,
The joys of which only youth may know.
And swings into this burden sweet,
'Twas such a little while ago.

Each weed bloomed delicately fair,
And life was only made for song,
The world was filled with treasures rare
That waited for the brave and strong—
And all are brave when love is young.
And all are strong to hope's first glow;
How stoutly was the challenge rung
To fate, a little while ago.
And whatsoever the years may bring—
So sing the zephyr and the rain—
'Tis such a little while ago.
Are clearer than the garnered grain.
Though toil and care through field or mart
Pled on forgetfully and slow,
Youth's sweetness lingers near the heart
And seems a little while ago.
—Washington Evening Star.

Home at Evening.
See, dear, the old blind singer, lame, foot-sore,
Gropes doubtfully along the emptying street.
His mute face searching ever, yet his feet
Feeling their capacious way to his own door.

What the eyes lack, the sharpened ears restore;
His sense is keen to catch the delicate
Which minute ripples of the air repeat—
A stir of guiding wings, unfelt before.

"There is a slight blindness," and a strength
Of delicacy, confining us,
Poor in all else, my very sense of thee
Did walk before my steps, until at length,
World stained and worn, I came—O marvelous!
Unto thy heart all warmed and lit for me.
—Algernon Tassell, in The Reader.

Holy Land.
This is the earth he walked on; not alone
That Asian country keeps the sacred stain;
'Tis not alone the far Judean plain,
Mountain and river; Lo, the sun that glows
On Ilm shines now on us; when day is gone
The moon of Galilee comes forth again
And lights our path as His; an endless chain
Of years and sorrows make the round world one.
Tis air we breathe, He breathed—the very air
That took the mold and music of His high
And godlike speech. Since then shall mortal dare
With base thought from the over-arched sky—
Soll with foul deed the ground whereon
He laid
In holy death His pale immortal head!
—Richard Watson Dillier.

The Fool's Mother.
When I—the fool—am dead,
There will be one to stand above my head,
Her wan lips yearning toward my quiet lips
That stung her soul so oft with bitter cries.
And I shall feel forgiving fingertips,
And I shall hear her saying with her sighs:
'This fool I mothered sucked a bitter
His life was fever and his soul was dry;
O burning fool! O restless fool of earth!
None knew but I how deep your soul could sink!"
—John G. Nathard, in McClure's Magazine.

MUSIC HALL - - SPECIAL!

Triumphant Return
THURSDAY NIGHT, MARCH 21.

The Will J. Block Amusement Co.'s Big,
Brilliant Production of

COMING THRO' THE RYE!

With Its Superb Organization of 80 Artists.

SAME STAR CAST.
Frank Lalor,
Stella Mahew,
John Park,
Frank Doane,
Wm. Riley Hatch,
Alma Yontin,
Bessie Gibson,
Florence Townsend.

IS COMING BACK INTACT AND ALL PORTSMOUTH IS HAPPY IN CONSEQUENCE.

SAME LAVISH SETTINGS.
"The Girl With The White Horse"
The Gee Gee Girls
The Fiji Girls
The Pooy Ballet
The Tiny Tigers
The Newport Belles

AND THE OTHER "GIRL" FEATURES.

Seat Sale Tuesday

PRICES --- 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

Chew Your Food

No medicine can take the place of teeth. Eat slowly, chew your food thoroughly and keep free from indigestion.

When haste imposes extra work on the stomach, help it out with

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

Sour Stomach

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and eating drugs, but could find no relief until I took Cascarets. I will recommend Cascarets to every man, woman and child suffering from indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very delicate to eat."

Cascarets

Best For The Bowels.
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. Get your Cascarets U.S. Guaranteed in box or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 599
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

"Made a Well Man of Me."

THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY

produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness, Loss of Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, which unite one for staid, business or marriage. It not only cures but starts at the root of disease, by a direct nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00. We give free advice and counsel to all who wish to with guarantee. Circulars free. Address: **ROYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago.**

For sale in Portsmouth by **G. E. PHILBRICK, DRUGGIST.**

SECOND ANNIVERSARY
Of Captain C. B. Hoyt's Command of Company B

The second anniversary of Captain C. B. Hoyt taking command of Company B, was observed at the armory on Court street, Tuesday evening, with a gathering of the members of the company and a number of friends. Captain Hoyt had prepared a fine supper of steamed clams, which were served after a dress drill by the company. Following the supper the crowd were entertained by members of the company with songs, stories and athletic exhibitions. Among those present were noticed, ex-Mayor W. E. Marvin, ex-Mayor G. D. Marcy, Water Commissioner Fred M. Sise, Dr. T. S. Towle, Col. Clinton Taylor, Dr. A. B. Sherburn, R. Sam Parker, Sherman T. Newton, J. William Newell, E. P. Stoddard, Charles J. Wood, Albert H. Entwistle, E. P. Lawrence, E. H. Libby and Frank E. Leavitt.

ENTERS PROTEST
Town of Elliot At Annual Meeting Protests Against Removal of Maine Capital From Augusta

The town of Elliot has voted to enter a protest against the removal of the Maine capital from Augusta to Portland.

A resolution to that effect was telegraphed to the representatives at Augusta. The claim is that it would involve needless heavy expense, and it would not be fair for the people of the Northern part of the state to move the capital from the center of the state.

STATE FEDERATION TO MEET HERE

In May the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs will be held in this city. This meeting will bring several hundred women to Portsmouth, among them many of the most prominent workers along sociological lines in the state.

Portsmouth would look just as well without so many poles on some of the streets. At least half of them could be taken down.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

LADY ISABEL'S CHARITY

By MRS. NEISH

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"But, my dear Marjorie, you simply must come," said Lady Isabel, "I must really insist—in fact, I shall be quite disagreeable if you don't."

"All right," I laughed, "but tell me who are to be your guests?"

"She pouted."

"Rude girl! Anyone would think you were royalty, wanting a list of my guests."

"Well, you see, I may be a little out of place," I said diffidently.

"Nonsense. I am having all sorts of people—now, please, dearest, don't raise your eyebrows, and make me feel as though I were at school again. I only mean I am having all sorts of nice people—smart—and pretty—and brainy—and—and every kind."

"I see, a sort of menagerie; and where is it to be?"

"At the Savoy, of course," she answered, "but I'll tell you exactly what it's for. It's to be the very, very latest thing in dinners."

"I think you said it was for a charity, Isabel; do tell me how even you can benefit a charity by giving an expensive dinner at the Savoy."

"Well," replied Lady Isabel, "you see, it's this way, Marjorie. I give the dinner to—we will say—ten people, because ten is such a nice number for enabling one to put the woman one hates most quite a long way off, and so I think I shall make it ten."

"I see—and the charity; what is it in aid of?"

"I haven't really quite decided what it is to be for yet," she said, "but I expect I shall choose something for children, because you know how I simply adore children; and then, darling Babs can give a teeny weeny little party too—for the same charity on the same day."

"Won't it be rather late for her to dine?"

"Don't be silly. I mean a tea party at home—you don't suppose—very reproachfully—I should keep my precious, darling girl up so late."

"No," I said, "I am sure you wouldn't," and I gave a retrospective sigh at the thought of when I had last seen Babs, only a night or two ago, sitting up in bed and surreptitiously eating a strawberry ice at 11 o'clock, which the under-housemaid had smuggled up to quiet her, as both nurses were out and she was crying at being left alone.

"Where does the charity part come in?" I said, carefully avoiding allusions.

"It's like this," she replied. "On every guest's card—(it will, of course, be on yours, too, dear—I write 'in aid of the')—she paused."

"Home of Recreation for Overworked Chaffeurs!" I suggested.

Lady Isabel laughed. "Yes—or whatever it happens to be—and then each guest will bring a check for the charity, and hand it over to me at the end."

"You ought to be quite rich by the end of dinner," I said, cheerfully.

"She stared at me. 'Is Rich? My dear girl, I lose fearfully over it; you see, I have to give the party, and then send all the checks on to the charity—in fact, I shall, of course, give something myself," she added, with an air of the greatest self-denial.

"I meant you would be rich for the charity," I explained.

"Oh, I see, yes—well, it depends a good deal on how much they give. You needn't give more than two guineas, dear," she added, after I had promised to come to the party.

"No, I won't," I replied gratefully, as I rose to leave the room.

I was unable, after all, to go to Lady Isabel's charity dinner. She was very anxious to have certain people there, and she altered the date so often that, when she finally sent me her fifth date, I unfortunately was unable to go, on account of an engagement with an aunt that I could not avoid. However, I sent my "small contribution," and received such a graceful little note of thanks that I almost felt I was helping to pay for the party.

She came in to see me the following day.

"My dear, it was a brilliant success," she said, radiantly, "the dinner was perfect, and my dress was an absolute dream; Felice had really sup-

passed herself, Lady Massingham was in her most disagreeable mood, which showed me how beautifully everything was going off."

"And the money?"

"Well, that was a little disappointing," she admitted. "Let me see, there was your two guineas, and I gave three—at least, I got three from Vernon—and Bob gave a fiver, and Lady Massingham two pounds for herself and one for her daughter, and Lady Ellison two pounds fifteen—I wish she had made it three pounds," added Isabel plaintively, "but I suppose she kept the five shillings for the cab there and back, as she had had no carriage since Sir Henry died. I forget exactly what the others gave, but not very much, because it only came to twenty-three pounds seventeen altogether, including mine. It was really much less than the bill; but it was a lovely dinner, and Bob, who ought to be a good judge by the amount he drinks, said the champagne was really ripping."

"I suppose you put the checks all together and sent them to the charity?"

"She nodded. "Yes, and then I sent some little notes to the paper describing the dinner, and my frock and some of the others, leaving out Lady Massingham, of course."

"It seems a lot of trouble if you received so little money," I said; "it would have been cheaper to send the amount direct from yourself, especially as it did not even pay the dinner."

"Oh, I couldn't afford to do that," she answered decidedly, and, indeed, with so much decision that she rather set me wondering.

I met Lady Isabel the following Saturday at Ranelagh.

"I saw the account of your party in the paper," I said.

"Yes; wasn't it nicely put?"

"Very," I said drily, "especially for an amateur."

"Yes, I thought it was thoroughly well done," she said; "and knowing what a cat Lady Massingham is, I emphasized the fact that the checks had been made out direct to the charity. People are so fearfully suspicious," she added, with a sigh, "I was even afraid they might think that I—"

"You never told me Mrs. Barrington-Brown and Mr. Fakenstein were to be there," I interrupted.

"Didn't I?" she said in astonishment; "how very stupid of me; but then, they aren't people one would remember if one could help it—are they?"

"Why did you ask them? I shouldn't have thought they would mix very well."

"Well, you see, they wanted so dreadfully to be there," she said, half-apologetically, "and Mr. Fakenstein was especially keen, and gave such a lot of hints when I told him about it, and said that he was so exceedingly interested in anything that I was going to help that I was really obliged to invite him, and it was just 'the same with Mrs. Brown."

"And how much did they contribute to the charity?" I asked, remembering with some astonishment the small amount she told me she had received.

Lady Isabel smiled. "Those sort of people don't really care what they pay when they want to go to anything," she answered enigmatically.

"And, you see, my dear Marjorie, they did not give their money quite in the same way as the others did," she went on, as she slowly opened her parasol; "you see, they really got me to invite them entirely out of good nature, and so it was almost a matter of—"

"Buginess," I suggested gently.

"Exactly," she replied. "How delightfully you always put things, dearest. You see, it was such an awful bore having them there that I told them they could—"

"Yes," I paused inquiringly.

"I told them to make the checks both out to me."

Plenty of Nitrogen Left.

It has been estimated that in France alone the amount of nitrogen yearly taken from the soil is 600,000 tons and not much more than one-half of this is returned to the soil in stable manure. Let it be assumed, for the purpose of argument, that those countries employing nitrogenous fertilizers use during each year 5,000,000 tons of nitrogen.

This seems to be a fairly liberal estimate judging from the above figure regarding France and the fact that during 1905 1,500,000 tons of nitrate of soda were employed throughout the world. On this basis it is easily seen that there is no danger of impoverishing the atmosphere, for the atmospheric pressure at sea level corresponds to about 11 pounds of nitrogen a square inch, or say 1,500 pounds a square foot, or 20,000,000 tons a square mile.

Each square mile of the earth's surface has above it enough nitrogen to supply the entire world for five years on the basis assumed above and since the entire surface of the earth is not much short of 200,000,000 square miles the world can go on abstracting nitrogen at this rate for about 1,000,000 years before reducing the quantity in the atmosphere one-tenth per cent.

Done by a Deer.

In Arkansas last fall the children of a country school held a picnic. While a dozen boys and girls were in a grove a deer, chased by hounds, came running among them and began stamping and hooking.

Before he could be driven away he had injured five of the scholars. It is thought that he was mad with fright. In hooking one of the boys the deer carried his cap away on its horns and was found wearing it two weeks later, when killed.

THE PRIMA DONNA'S RETURN

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

In her deck-chair, the last day of the voyage, Madame felt that Clothilde watched her more intently than ever.

Clothilde had been responsible for her hair and her gowns for ten years. It amused Madame—Clothilde's worryment concerning the acceptance or non-acceptance of Croesus.

For Madame had been offered an honored position as a wife, and a home was hers for the accepting. Home! Had she ever had a home? She smiled. Her first home had been in the States, some paltry rooms with a visionary mother and an idle father.

She saw herself as she had been then, a lean girl with hungry eyes and a determination to conquer. What she was now, the world knew—Italy with its exuberance; England with its polite appreciation; Germany with its nod for the correct interpreter of its tone-ids. And now she was going back to the beginning, to America, where there was none to welcome her—she was going to the home of strangers, the land of her birth.

She opened the book on her lap. It was the score of "Tristan and Isolde."

There were slips of paper marking the different parts of the score. She took out one of these papers; it was her answer to Croesus telling him that all should be as he wished. It had been written before she left London; so why had it not been mailed at the time? Even when he came to see her embark, and filled her state-room with flowers, she had said nothing about that unmailed letter, had given him no answer. She was wearied of effusiveness, and it had seemed better to mail her answer to him when they were 3,000 miles apart, have him run over to America, and take everything as a matter of course, and she should go into the new life without the indignity of excitement.

And this scrap of newspaper beside the letter? She had torn it from a London daily; it told of the destruction of the New York theater where she had first sung.

"The organist saved the lives of a score of men, women and children in the fiery holocaust. When all the audience were safe, he plunged once more into the burning shell in order to rescue a portrait that hung on the corridor, the portrait of Madame Cornelli, who as Miss Suzanne Cornelli opened the theater several years ago in a concert—"

"Why had she saved this scrap of paper? She crumpled it in her hand, and flung it toward the ship-rail.

The first night in her native city had vouchsafed to it little of that refreshing slumber which had characterized Madame's rest on the vessel.

"Clothilde," she said, "I must dispel a sensation that seized me when I read something in a paper a week before we left London. This is New York, the city where I was born; I will go see the places that were once well known to me when I was a poor struggling girl. That will cure me, and I shall go alone. Not a word, please."

She caught up her letter to Croesus that she might put it as she went along. She would cure herself of any hesitation regarding the posting of that letter.

Then she went out in the glittering, busy street. Why, it was the very street in which was the theater where she had sung in public for the first time years ago. She recollected the difficulty there had been for her to get permission to sing at the concert. He had managed it, though—David Warrick had obtained the permission for her to sing. He had been organist at Saint Gudolph's. His room was next the rooms of her father in the old house; he had coached her in the singing, and took her into his choir.

Three months later her father's brother, Uncle Dan, lent the thousand dollars she wanted, and she went, abroad—at David Warrick's suggestion.

"How it all came back to her—all the little incidents of that past time, the time of her girlhood—as she went along the street.

And there! That fence-in pile had been the theater, burned three months ago. She stood and looked at it. She thought of the night when she sang

there. What a difficulty there had arisen as to her getting a befitting costume in which to appear, and then the fear that no flowers would come over the footlights for her. But David Warrick knew a lady who would lend her a gown, and David Warrick had seen to it that a great bunch of roses was handed from the orchestra to her, which flowers must have cost him more than he could afford. Also, in the beginning, letters from home told her of many kindnesses—how he had nursed her father in his last sickness; how he had comforted her mother, whose daughter was far away winning a name.

She went rapidly along the street. There it was, a shop in the lower story of the building, as of old. It had been a stationer's shop then; now it was a cheap millinery.

She reached for the waving plume on her hat, and tore it off. This in her hand, she opened the door of the millinery shop. A thin, pale woman was behind the counter.

"Ah," said the woman, "the wind has loosened your feather. Let me have the hat; I will rearrange it in the next room. Be seated."

But the customer continued to stand opposite a picture that hung on the wall back of the counter. All the present fell away from her—she was face to face with herself as she had been. What did it mean? What did it mean?

"I have sewn it strongly."

It was the woman of the shop speaking; she held out the hat with the plume waving in it.

"Ah," she said, "you are admiring that picture? It is the portrait from the theater fire. It is Miss Cornelli, now the celebrated prima donna. That is how the gentleman here was injured. He saved the picture, but his eyes were terribly hurt. The doctor now hopes that he will see again. He lived in this house when Miss Cornelli was his fellow-lodger. He lives here still—he has the room they say was Miss Cornelli's. Oh, you have dropped your hat. I will pin it on for you; it is so difficult to put on a hat when you have on a tight dress. Yes," the woman was going on, "he lives here still—he has been organist at Saint Gudolph's for years. He is there now for the first time since his accident. My niece took him; he has to be led. I beg your pardon," for her customer had started for the door, "but I shall have to charge you a trifle for sewing in the feather."

The customer may have placed some money on the counter, but she was not sure. She gained the street, and hurried on.

She sped along, looking neither to the right of her, nor to the left. And so she came upon the old-fashioned church. She knew the little door that led to the choir. She opened it, and got to the narrow winding stairs that crept up to the organ-loft. Her hand clenched, and she felt in it the letter she had intended to post on her way. She mounted the stairs. When she was near the top of them she paused, hearing two voices—a man's and a woman's. The woman's voice was young and passionate.

"If love is as you say it is," said that voice, "how is it that you never availed yourself of it? No, no, I do not mean that. But I will do as you say; I will let alone all this foolishness of the world calling for me that I may be great as a woman. I am loved by a good man, and I will marry him."

"And now," said the voice of the man, "I will tell you why I never availed myself of what you say—love." He hesitated a moment before going on; then he spoke. "I cared deeply for some one when I was young. But the world called her. It was right that she should go—but I—Ah, if you love this man, and you feel assured that he loves you, think twice before you let him go out of your life. And be sure of yourself, be sure of yourself; if love is greater than ambition—"

"It is," cried the girl's voice. "It is. I will go to him now, this minute. If the world has any praise for me, we will bear it together. I will come back for you in a little while."

The woman on the stairs was startled as the girl came down—a pretty girl with bright eyes. But the girl paid little attention to her, running lightly down the stairs. The older woman looked after her. How long she stood there she did not know. Suddenly a thin strain of music swept down to her.

"Such weary days I waited and longed—"

And then she saw him—surely not the stooped figure at the organ, the eyes bandaged, the fingers moving tremulously over the organ keys, but a man glorious in hopeful youth—as he had been years ago.

"David!"

His hands fell from the keys. He rose, crying out, "Whose voice was that?"

She wrenched in pieces the crumpled letter in her hand; she fell before him.

"David, you have brought me back after all these years; you have brought me back. It was you, and you alone, I know that now. I have never loved since that old time; I have never been loved but by you—"

She had his hands in hers, pressing them down upon her bowed head as she knelt before him, the young girl he had loved so long ago, the woman whose heart awoke past all that this world had given and still might have in store for her.

Not Altogether New.

A Schenectady, N. Y., man has invented a motor car that is propelled by means of a clock. Some of the present motor cars strike now and then.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

INTERNAL PARASITES

Cooper's New Discovery has taught me many things, not least of which is that parasites or tapeworms are responsible for an immense amount of suffering. Thousands of these creatures have been brought to me by people who have taken the New Discovery and I now know that an immense amount of supposed stomach trouble is caused in reality by one of these parasites. A man or woman may be afflicted in this manner for years and not realize the true cause of their suffering. When I first sold Cooper's New Discovery I did not know that the medicine would remove this trouble. I have since found that it invariably does so. The following letter is a fair sample of the symptoms as experienced by an individual thus affected:

"I was always tired. My stomach bloated and the slightest exertion made me sick, weak and dizzy. My appetite was variable and a good night's sleep was unknown to me. When I awoke in the mornings I had a bad taste in my mouth and a coated tongue. I heard of the wonderful benefits that were being derived from Cooper's New Discovery, and decided to try it."

"The horrible tape worm, sixty feet long that had been sapping my life away, passed from my system alive and squirming after I had taken three doses. Now I have a splendid appetite, every trace of stomach trouble has disappeared and my digestion is good. I sleep well and am gaining in strength every day." Nick Krum's letter, 1344 Louis Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

We are authorized agents for the Cooper medicines. Call and let us tell you more about them.

Boardman & Norton

Apothecaries, Opp. P. O.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Rusting is not resting.

The selfish never are serene.

No one ever regretted burying a slander.

There never is much good in "good enough."

A man does not pick up sand by licking the dust.

The fool always greases his track on the up grade.

The saddest morality is that which is satisfied with itself.

The ignorant may be foolhardy, but only the wise are brave.

They make but little mark on time who are only marking time.

You cannot cure a donkey by degrees by calling him "Doctor."

Deeds of golden hearts are better than dreams of golden harps.

The only stand some men will take on any question is a band stand.

Little deeds tell more than the largest, plainest bumps of character.

You cannot hurl Satan from his throne by throwing adjectives at him.

Plenty of people who talk of honesty as a good policy fail to pay the premiums.

If this world is none the better for your living the next will have none of your life.

It is faith mixed with facts and not with fancies that holds the conviction in a sermon.—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL.

The king of Norway served as an ordinary apprentice in the Danish navy for nine months.

Judge Charles T. Woodward, lately appointed to the Maine supreme court, never had a picture taken.

King Leopold of Brussels is reckoned as the richest man in Europe so far as real estate is concerned.

Lord Cromer is such an industrious man for England in Egypt that he rarely accepts an invitation to dinner.

Theodore Gill, the world's greatest authority on fishes, works for the United States government for \$1 a month.

Flower Weather Prophet.

The marigold is a very reliable weather prophet. If the day is going to be fine the flower opens about five or six o'clock in the morning; but when wet weather is in prospect the marigold does not open at all.

Old Lady's Plous Hope.

"There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part, I hope for better things."—Success Magazine.

THOSE FATAL PAPERS

A SENSATIONAL SOCIETY STORY.

The Lady Sylvia de Beauclercque stood proudly erect. Her lithe and supple form, eloquent in its willowy grace, was stretched out to its full height—four feet ten and a half.

Around her were the evidences of patrician wealth and womanly taste. One noted the gold-backed hair brushes, last week's butcher's bill, the diamond-tipped curling tongs, the box of chalk to make her foot slip more easily into her tiny—too tiny—shoes.

Lapped in such a bed of luxury, what could all the Lady Sylvia? Had the serpent found its way into this Eden?

Alas, yes. Queen of Society as she was, there was yet a canker at her core. The rose leaves were crumpled. There was said in the sugar. There always is.

The Lady Sylvia drew herself up to her full height. It was not despair that brightened her lustrous eyes. It was not belladonna. It was defiance. There came a knock at the door—a gentle, timid knock, with knuckles. Not with a sledge hammer.

"Come in." The Lady Sylvia regained her composure by a wonderful effort. It was her maid who entered.

"Ere the duchess come to see yer," said the pretty damsel.

"The duchess! Ha! Will she never cease this useless pursuit? . . . Show her in."

The duchess of Dulwich swept into the room, a dream of soft laces and strong Jockey Club.

"Dearest!" they exclaimed, simultaneously. And then they kissed, oh, so sweetly! They would have preferred to bite.

But women always kiss. It is then they are most dangerous.

They talked of mere nothings at first. Women seldom talk of anything else. But the duchess was leading up to her point. Finally, out it came.

"And now, about those papers, dear Sylvia."

"Again, duchess?"

"You know I must have them."

"I have sworn never to part with them."

"You should not swear. It is not correct form. But, seriously, I want those papers."

"Must I repeat that you shall never possess them?"

"You need not."

"What, then, shall I do?"

"Part up."

"Give them to you?"

"Ay!"

"Never!"

She clutched the bosom of her dress, fiercely. The duchess noticed the action. The papers were there! She rose. "Is this your final decision?"

"It is."

"Then, beware! By hook or crook those papers must and shall be mine. So long!"

The next day the Lady Sylvia was informed that a gentleman awaited her in the blue drawing room. They called it blue because it was full of red furniture.

She found him to be a man in the full prime of life, with whiskers.

"To what," she cried, "do I owe the honor of this visit?"

He fixed her with his eye. It was a piercing eye. Involuntarily she quailed before that stare. But she could not get away from it. He had got her, as it were, nailed down.

He knew it. He glared, fensively. "What is this spell you are casting over me?" she shrieked, struggling in vain to wink the other eye. But he had frozen both of them.

"This mystic power," he said, "I acquired from the Hynnotic college, of C—. You have seen their advertisements in the papers—How to Influence Others to Do Your Will; How to mesmerize; How to Command the World; Post Free for Five Dollars. You neglected that offer. I sent the cof. I now possess the great secret. You are in my power!"

She tried to shriek, but could not.

"Who and what are you?" she gasped.

"I"—and his smile was sinister—"I am Prof. Vane de Vere, the hair dresser and perfumer of Bond street!"

"And you want—?"

"Those papers!"

It was in vain that she resisted. His newly acquired power was supreme. She sank senseless to the floor. Not to the ceiling, of course.

He bent over her prostrate form. Roughly he tore open her corsage and withdrew two papers.

"At last!" he cried. "The dear duchess will be happy, and my fortune is made!"

But when the Lady Sylvia regained consciousness, she sobbed in the delirium of her joy.

"Fools, villains! They are fooled! For years the duchess has been pestering me for the secret recipes of my toilet cream and my hair wash. For years I have refused, and her beauty has declined, while mine has increased—thanks to my preparations. Now, she imagines she has triumphed. She thinks those papers contain the two secrets. They do. But the toilet cream is marked 'For the hair,' and the hair wash is marked 'For the complexion!' Her face will go green, and her hair will go blue! True, she can buy more hair, but she cannot buy another face. I am avenged!"

FROM THE TIMES.

"The duchess of Dulwich has gone to Salsomaggiore, to try the mud-baths for a year. In common with other ladies she has been shamefully ill-used by a Bond street hairdresser, whose disgraceful preparations have taken the skin off people's faces, and the hair off their heads. The tradesman has fled, and his emporium is now in the hands of his indignant creditors."—Ally Sloper.

REGULAR BLOCK SYSTEM.

"So th' missus objects to Billy, th' milkman, callin' on yez durin' workin' hours?" interrogated the cook.

"Yes," replied the pretty laundress, "but ut's little Oi care for her objections. Oi hov me own prolivate signals to Billy."

"Indade!"

"Yis; listen. When Oi go out on th' roof awn th' missus is about Oi hang out a red skirt, awn thot manes 'Danger; kape away!'"

"How clever!"

"Thin, whin she is about to go out soon Oi hang out a grane skirt. Thot manes 'Come slow and cautious.'"

"Yez are a genius."

"Awn thin whin th' missus is out awn th' track is clear Oi hang out a white skirt awn Billy rades from around th' corner. 'Come ut once. All's well!'"—Chicago Daily News.

A DIFFERENCE.



Mr. Jefferson (sister's beau)—Does your sister's hair curl naturally? Tommy (aged six)—No; she just naturally curls it.—Baltimore American.

A Type.

He strives to regulate the land. With constant brawl and bicker. Some say he's a reformer, and some say he's just a kicker.—Washington Star.

Would Have Ticked Him.

"Why don't you clean that snow off the pavement?" demanded the frate housewife. "I don't believe you want to work."

"Dat's where you do me an injustice, mum," replied Sandy Pikes, with a yawn. "I remember de time when I plined for de sight of a snow shovel."

"And when was that, pray?"

"When I was down in Florida, mum."—Chicago Daily News.

Couldn't Understand It.

"I see stocks have been going down recently."

"Yes. I can't understand it."

"Can't understand it? The matter is perfectly plain. They were too high. The bulls had pushed them up to a point far beyond what their actual values represented."

"I know that, but I hadn't bought it up there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cynical.

"Permit me to ask you, madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband?"

"He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller.

"My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home in the country."—Chicago Tribune.

No Danger.

"I am afraid I have been indiscreet. I have been praising Mrs. Writcup's book highly to that man over there talking to her, and if he repeats what I said she'll think it flattery for my own ends."

"Don't worry. He won't repeat anything flattering to her. That's her husband."—Baltimore American.

His Preference.

"The great medium made a few mysterious movements with her hands in front of the cabinet."

"What spirit would you care to see now?" she asked.

"If it's all the same to you," replied the spectator with the red nose, "unlike it a little spirit of frumtli."—Allwaukee Sentinel.

In the Sick Room.

Pearl—I am awfully jealous of that pretty trained nurse. I wish they had engaged a homely one to attend George.

Ruby—But she is only taking his pulse.

Pearl—Yes, but what guaranty have I that she might not take his heart?—Chicago News.

Unusual.

"How remarkably civil Smythe is to that lady he has taken in to supper."

"I don't see anything remarkable about it. He is simply acting as any gentleman would to any lady."

"But you don't understand. She's his wife."—Baltimore American.

Prodigality.

Fa Smith threw down his paper in disgust.

"It's shameful," he exclaimed, "the way these 'ore colleges waste money on furniture! Here's an account of somebody giving Harvard \$200,000 for a new chair!"—Judge.

At the Box Office.

"Can't you pass me in to this place?"

"No, sir; this is no passing show."—Baltimore American.

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1907

A PLAIN DUTY

Action in regard to the brown-tail and gypsy moths has been so repeatedly urged that people may well be tired of the subject, but its importance forbids its neglect. Portsmouth suffered severely last year from the pests and unless municipal action is taken there is no reason to believe that it will not suffer even more severely this year.

In 1906, so far as we know, the gypsy moth had not reached our city and the ravages were entirely due to the presence of the moths of the brown-tail variety. This year, the enemy which we already know too well has an ally even more dangerous than itself and unless something is done conditions during the coming summer will be worse than ever.

It is likely that private citizens will be less heedless this year than they were last. Bitter experience will result in the removal of the nests of the insects from trees in the yards of private residences, but individual effort is not enough. Other towns and cities have found guerrilla warfare against the insect foes ineffective and it will be ineffective in Portsmouth. Individuals can do much, but they cannot do all that is needed.

The Herald does not need to be told that Portsmouth has no money to spend foolishly, but money expended in fighting the pests which threaten us will be wisely spent. The gypsy moth, particularly, threatens to permanently destroy the beauty of the city, for it eventually kills the trees upon which it feeds. If it is not checked, there is reason to fear that it will destroy every shade tree in Portsmouth.

The situation is a serious one. Portsmouth has already been harshly criticised for its failure to do its duty and if it fails again still harsher criticism may be expected. York blames us for the repeated invasions of its territory and Dover also feels that we have not done our duty as neighbors. We owe it not only to ourselves but to the other towns and cities hereabouts to do all that we can to check the voracious insects which threaten our comfort and the attractiveness of our ancient town.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

Win or lose, Mr. Delmas knows that he has been up against a man.

Mr. Bryan should remember that a sure thing sometimes goes wrong.

It'll be Roosevelt if he'll take it and perhaps whether he consents or not.

Syracuse University has no particular reason to be proud of Chancellor Day.

We have an exposition nearly every year, but we are rich enough to stand the expense.

Baron Paneko is the author of an article in the North American Review entitled, "Japan and the United

States — Partners." Friends, all right, Baron, but Uncle Sam needs no partner in his business just now.

Perhaps that scrap down in Central America isn't as funny at short range as it is from a distance.

Mr. Roosevelt wants it understood that he is stopping no railroad presidents who want to tell upon him.

The generous Mr. Rockefeller shows no disposition to take from the people their divine right to pay the freight.

They have learned in Jamaica that there is a silver lining to nearly every cloud. The earthquake enabled them to get rid of Swettenham.

OUR EXCHANGES

Winter Solitude

The wind trails off across the rattling trees;
Chill calm succeeds, and dusk with long, firm hand
Now sweeps earth's tightened strings unflatteringly
Till Silence sings through all the frozen land.

Along the dumb stream's bank the hardened sedge
Strains helpless, starving from the ice and snow;
The lean, brown branches lace themselves against
The soundless depths of fading afterglow.

Across the hollows of the forest floor
The trees send forth their vagrant shadow, brood,
And Night shuts off from all the crowded world
This spot within its ice-bound solitude.

—Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metropolitan Magazine, March number.

Another Evelyn

No, Geraldine! the "Evelyn's Diary" announced in the book catalogs is not the one from which extracts were recently read in a more or less famous trial in New York. —Hiddeford Journal.

Has a Great Imagination

Nikola Tesla, the well known inventor, makes the astonishing statement that wireless telephoning will be possible, and that electric lights will be made to burn at any distance by special currents passed through the air. Mr. Tesla, you are a most remarkable man—in your talk. —Newburyport News.

And the Easter Hat is Blooming

Spring is at hand. The Ohio valley is flooded with water, the newspaper offices are deluged with vernal poems and everyone is looking for the first robin. —Boston Courier.

Looks Like It

Is President Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford the only one who dares to beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall? —Haverhill Gazette.

Salem Can Correct Her Own Error

The hope held out for a resumption of racing at Rockingham Park is not very tangible. If, as hinted, a means may be found to overcome the barrier of hostile sentiment in New Hampshire against racing, it is not apparent as yet to any familiar with the situation. The plight of Salem, due to the collapse of the racing game, is only temporary and can be remedied without a revival of the "sport of kings" up there. —Lawrence Eagle.

They're Both Willin'

With Bryan lauding the labor unions and Fairbanks glorifying the Celt there is some reason to suspect



Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE

That Rent Question

To the Editor of The Herald:—The members of the Portsmouth Veteran Firemen's Association are naturally quite indignant at the action of the committee on fire department, in refusing to make an appropriation to cover the cost of rental of their headquarters in the rear of our magnificent City Hall. Just why the committee should decide on such action is somewhat of a puzzle, though it looks from the outside as if jealousy on the part of someone had much influence.

The T. W. Priest Veteran Association was the promoter of the prospective handbub muster the coming Summer and is looked upon as the representative veteran association by all similar organizations throughout New England. Why discrimination should be practiced is beyond comprehension.

The T. W. P. vets are a part of the city's fire department; they are required to respond to the third call of all alarms and in the past have rendered heroic service in fighting the fiery element. In several instances, the Priest crew has rendered valiant service, the men going into the very jaws of death.

In addition, it is the original organization of its kind in the city; the majority of the members have been in active service for the greater part of their lives and if the city can appropriate and fit up quarters, including the furniture, of other similar local organizations, not allied with the city fire department, but existing simply for social functions, surely some consideration should be shown the real veterans, natives of the town, whose best recommendation is their long years of active service.

In all probability the handbub muster will be pulled off this year in Portsmouth, mainly through the efforts, influence and collateral arrangements of the members of the True W. Priest crew and any attempt by other organizations to assume the responsibility of the muster after the hard work of the Priest boys will meet with ignominious defeat. The T. W. P. men believe that actions speak louder than words. They don't attempt nor approve the solicitation of influence through fish chowders, etc. Political dickering should not be tolerated in connection with the fire department.

If other handbub associations having no connection with the fire department are allowed free quarters and the vets back of City Hall, who are part of our fire service and are supposed to risk their lives in the performance of duty, have to pay the rent, somebody must be in the wood pile, who, time alone will tell.

If the city cannot afford to appropriate \$50 when these men are willing to risk their lives for no compensation, the friends of the T. W. P. crew can be relied upon to render any assistance that may be required.

HAS BEEN.

COMMANDER HALLYDAY

Said To Be The Choice Of The President for Chief of Bureau of Yards And Docks

The New York Times is the authority that President Roosevelt will appoint Commander R. C. Hallyday Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, to succeed Civil Engineer H. H. Rousseau, recently detached and appointed on the Isthmian Commission. Commander Hallyday is stationed at New York yard and he was prominently mentioned to succeed Rear Admiral Edlicott.

A NEW MILESTONE

Harvard President Attains Advanced Age

HAS HELD POSITION THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Messages Of Congratulation Received In Great Number

NOW IN BERMUDA WITH MRS. ELLIOT FOR BRIEF VACATION

Leading Events In President Elliot's Life

1834—Born in Boston, March 20.
1849—Was graduated from Boston Latin School.

1853—Graduated from Harvard College.

1853—Appointed tutor in mathematics at \$666.66 a year.

1869—Elected president of Harvard

1879—Founded Radcliffe College.

1892—Toured United States.

1895—Toured Europe.

1903—Commented on small families of Harvard men.

1904—Took issue with Samuel Gompers on question of labor unions.

1905—Assailed college football as a brutal sport.

1907—Indorsed idea of separate schools for negroes.

Boston, Mass., March 20—President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard University, who is generally recognized as the foremost educator in America, is seventy-three years old today and has already received numerous messages of congratulation from other colleges, from diplomats, from public men, educational associations, and from Harvard clubs scattered from New York to the Rocky Mountains. A number of these messages, including one from the faculty and students of Harvard, were forwarded to President and Mrs. Elliot, who are enjoying a brief vacation in Bermuda.

President Elliot has achieved the remarkable distinction of being the Harvard president for more than half his life, for he was only thirty-five when he assumed the duties of his high office. Fifty-four years he has devoted to the cause of education, for during the two or three years of his early life when he was not teaching he was studying university administration abroad and gathering information which has been so successfully applied for the development of Harvard.

No other man was ever president of Harvard for so long a period as that which distinguishes Mr. Elliot's life. When he entered Harvard in 1849 he was one of 581 students; now there are about 4,500. His salary as tutor for the first year after his graduation was \$666.66. Now he receives \$10,000 a year.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Even Better Than Before

Extraordinary interest has manifested itself among those who follow theatricals in the announcement of the return to Music Hall on Thursday evening of the famous musical comedy success, "Coming Thro' the Rye." The performance of this



Florence Townsend in "Coming Thro' the Rye."

(wonderful and interesting song play will be precisely the same in every detail as when last seen here. The company of eighty unsurpassed entertainers, including Frank Lator, Frank Doane, John Park, William Riley

Hatch, Billie Taylor, Alma Youlin, Besse Gibson, Florence Townsend, Percival Jennings and Charles Wallace, will return with this delightful entertainment. The vivacious, pretty, sweet-voiced ensemble contingent is not the least important in the entertaining qualities of this gem of musical plays. George V. Hobart's really clever book and A. Baldwin Sloan's charming score are in remarkably clever hands. The scenery and costumes and the stage effects generally, are in much better condition than when seen here previously, as they have undergone a complete overhauling.

They All Liked It

Chauncey Olcott is a firm believer in the stagecraft of Henry Miller and the latter has had a look in and a final word in the dress rehearsals of all Mr. Olcott's recent productions. Mr. Miller, Margaret Anglin and Lillian Russell all went to Saratoga to witness the last rehearsals of "Eileen Ashmore" and applauded the Irish comedian's first performance.

Mann's Latest Offering

W. F. Mann, who has produced so many successes the last three years, will soon present his latest offering, "As Told in the Hills," at Music Hall. It is a story of the Western plains and shows the brighter side of Indian life on the plains some years ago. There is a sensational Indian fight and many other thrilling scenes that cannot fail to interest the lover of exciting incident.

A SOUTHEASTER

There was a fall of about three inches of snow on Tuesday night, which turned to rain shortly before midnight. In the early evening there was a gale blowing from the southeast and off the coast it was rough. Three schooners made the harbor during the evening.

23

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME
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WANTED—Girls and boys to send me ten names and addresses of people who keep hens and get two Beauty Pins, free. George McNeill, 36 Prescott St., West Medford, Mass. ch,mar19,1w

FOR SALE—One Maxwell auto run about, in good running order and fully equipped. Apply to Frank W. Rice, Box 1014, Portsmouth, N. H. ch,m16tw

LOST—Between McDonough street and J. S. Young's residence on Lafayette road, a wallet containing money and private papers. Finder return to this office and receive reward. c,m18,1w

LOST—On Tuesday, March 12, a pocket-book containing B. and M. railroad pass and two keys. Finder please leave at this office. chm13,w

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. B. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar14

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FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch,151f

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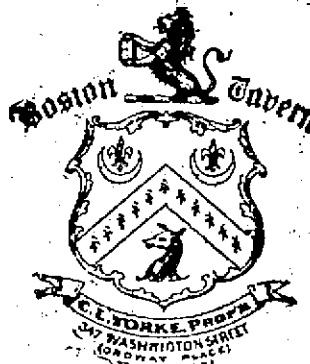
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Kilmer's Swamp-Root Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century—discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, uric acid, catarrh of the bladder and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work and in private practice, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles are sold by all good druggists. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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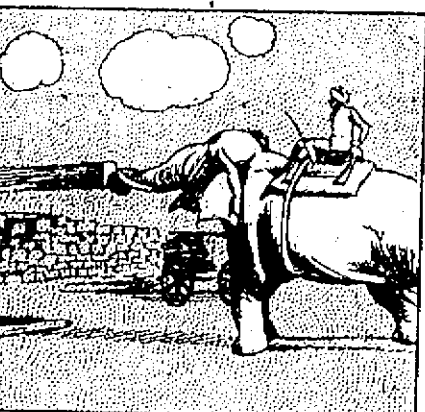
Send for guide of New York-Free

BRITAIN'S ELEPHANTS

WEALTH OF THE EMPIRE IN THESE BIG BEASTS.

They are Located in India and Africa and Are Very Valuable in Industrial Enterprises—Three Interesting Babies.

What with the wealth of India and Africa Great Britain possesses more elephants than any other power in the world. The Indian elephant differs very considerably from the African in several points, notably in the size of the ears, which are much smaller than the African's. Again, the African has an arched forehead while that of the Indian is concave. While the Indian males are about ten feet at the shoulder the African males are a foot higher. The prince of Wales recently had the opportunity of seeing in the famous MacGregor timber yards at Rangoon to what a pitch of usefulness the elephant can be trained in moving large logs of wood. His intelligence at his work



AT WORK IN A TIMBER YARD.

is extraordinary. An ordinary elephant can carry half a ton continuously on a level road. A native instructor sits on the back of each elephant and controls his movements, but really the sagacious creatures need little attention.

As a mere figure in pageants the elephant plays a very conspicuous part in the receptions given to the prince and princess, notably at Jamnau and Gwalior.

Among the large and varied collection of wild animals, reptiles and birds brought back by Capt. Stanley Flower, of the British army, in his recent expedition to the Blue Nile the first as regards importance and interest are three baby African elephants captured by Arabs in the upper waters of the Blue Nile. One of these was presented by Capt. McMurdo, D. S. O., director of the slave trade department, and the other two were purchased. These elephants are from eight to ten months old and are rarely found so young in captivity, those now in Cairo being most probably the first ever brought there, only about half a dozen others being known to exist in the different zoological gardens in the world. Walking about the gardens in charge of their keeper Eocutish, Zaklieh and Dandy form a most attractive trio, particularly when they lift their large headlike ears and salute by rubbing their little trunks to their foreheads and afterwards put these same trunks into the pocket of the visitor in search of something to eat. It is to be hoped that these fascinating babies may long continue to delight the visitors to the Ghizeh gardens, where they are now attracting much attention.

GREAT SALT DEPOSITS.

One of the Wonderful Resources of North Western Canadian Provinces.

At first sight it would appear that the scene depicted is a winter one, with a river flowing past snow-covered banks, but what looks like snow is in reality the purest salt. It furnishes excellent table salt without further preparation. Some six feet under-



A LAKE OF SALT.

neath it a coarser quality, similar to "Liverpool salt," is found. Springs of water running through this saltbed are saturated with salt and deposit their residue in the form shown in the picture. The trees in the background are underlaid with pure white salt, and on the removal of the top soil to a depth of some three or four feet, a solid hill of salt is reached.

Reportorial Memories.

Mother—I am glad to hear that you went to church to-day. What was the sermon about?

Adult Son (a reporter)—I don't know, mother; I haven't written out my notes yet.—N. Y. Weekly.

ODD TEAM OF MOOSE.

Broken to Drive in Harness by Edward Crossman of Ely, Minnesota.

Edward Crossman, of Ely, Minn., owns one of the oddest teams in America. He has succeeded in the unusual task of breaking a pair of moose to drive in harness. In his buggy Mr. Crossman spins about as rapidly behind these animals as if drawn by a prancing span of horses. Ordinary reindeer have long figured in the mythical doings of Santa Claus, and are actually driven by the Laplanders, but the moose is a much larger and different representative of the deer family, and should not be confused with the reindeer.

These moose shown in the photograph were captured at Bear Island lake, a few miles to the southwest of Ely, three years ago. The mother had been killed by an Indian and a trapper in the vicinity, hearing his dog barking furiously, hurried to the spot where he found the two moose calves. Mr. Crossman bought these calves from the trapper and secured a permit from the governor to keep them in his possession.

At first the moose didn't relish being hitched up, but, as they are young, they became accustomed to it much sooner than if they had been full-grown. Their antlers are now growing and, by the time the animals are five years of age, will be of large size. At first the problem of feeding them was no small one. When running wild they live on pond lily roots, leaves of trees or tender shoots of willow, and to get the lily roots it is very common to see them wading in the shallow water of their native haunts. At first Mr. Crossman fed them willow twigs and young birch, but this became quite a task, for they required about three wagon loads a week. To-day they eat hay, turnips and cabbage, and seem to enjoy the diet as much as the one to which they had before been accustomed. One of these moose will eat as much as two horses. They nibble at something most of the time except when lying down during the middle of the day. Each weighs about 700 pounds or thereabouts. When full-grown their shoulders will be higher than those of a horse. Their antlers will then add materially to their weight, often weighing from 50 to 60 pounds. The moose have a coarse brown hair.

A FREAK CHICKEN.

It Is Hard to Tell Whether It Is a Hen or a Duck.

Policeman Joseph Lussier, of Williamette, has a queer freak chicken. The question which perplexes the observer is whether the freak is a hen or a duck. The hen-duck was hatched last May, and it has always borne the eccentricities herewith described. Its head is the white Wyandotte. It has the head of a pullet and other characteristics, but its walk, posture, etc., are like the duck's. When walking



IS IT HEN OR DUCK?

its body assumes the upright position, as in the picture. Its tail is short and stubby, and has that peculiar wag such as only the duck can give it, and its legs and feet resemble those of a duck, though the feet lack a web. When it tries to cackle it makes a sound which is seemingly a mixture of a cackle and a quack. It eats from the ground like a duck and drinks a great amount of water. As yet the freak has not laid an egg or essayed to swim, and these may determine later to which family it belongs.

PUT MONEY TO GOOD USE

Not Enough in the Office, So the Candidate Bought Himself a Farm.

In a small Indiana town there is an officer designated as inspector of streets and roadways, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year. There was a lively campaign for this small plum not long ago, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was an old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hefke, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated. "I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?" "Hum," Ezekiel said, slowly pulling his whiskers, "you see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, and I didn't see no sense in payin' \$900 out to get the office, so I just bought me a little truck farm instead."

Egged Her On.

"Thinking to keep his wife from seeing 'Camille' he told her the play was immoral."

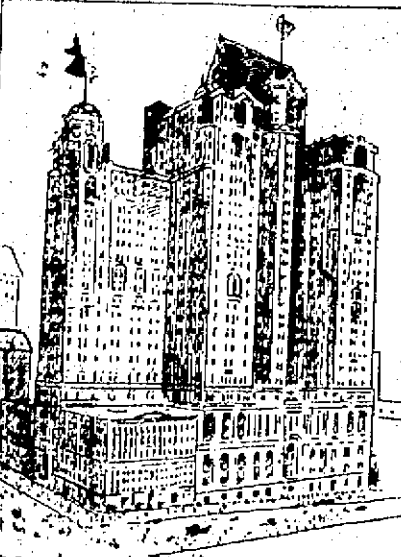
"Did it work?"
"Now, she gave a box party,"—Houston Post.

A GIANT BUILDING

NEW YORK TO HAVE HIGHEST OFFICE STRUCTURE.

It Will Be Thirty Stories High and Will Cost \$3,250,000—To Be Located on Lower Broadway at Cortlandt Street.

Giant among office buildings of the world, the City Investing Building company will tower above the great structures of lower Broadway, New York city. This latest product of the architect and builder's art is to be 30 stories high in its central part and 25 stories throughout the remainder. It will cover a ground area of 27,000 square feet at Broadway and Cort-



TOWERING UNTO HEAVEN.

landt street, surrounding the old Benedict building. The western part will cover the site of the Coal and Iron Exchange, at Cortlandt and Church streets, with a frontage in Cortlandt street of 203 feet and of 103 feet in Church street. The Broadway entrance will be in Nos. 165 and 167, and a main corridor 38 feet wide will run through to Church street, a distance of 315 feet.

The cost of this pile will be more than \$3,250,000. In line with the policy of Robert E. Dowling, president of the City Investing company, to give to tenants quick and abundant transportation facilities, the building will have 21 elevators.

It is probable that the building will have an entrance to the McAdoo tunnel, which will come up to Church street, under Cortlandt street, and will turn north under the south side of that thoroughfare. This has not yet been decided upon.

In style of architecture the building will be what is technically known as free Italian. The adoption of this type of architecture has given the architect, Francis H. Kimball, an opportunity to produce a structure whose massive appearance will be imposing.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

Not Essential to the Drawing of an Understandable Will.

Every man who has ever tried to guess one of those conundrums known as insurance policies, or who has ever attempted to translate into intelligent English any legal document, with all its whereases and its heretys and its afore-said, will appreciate the sentiments of Deacon Elphozo Youngs, of Washington, who, when making his will, harkened to the lawyer's opening paragraph, and then exclaimed:

"Rats! all there is about this is that at my death I want by ever-faithful and devoted wife, Amelia, to have and control everything I possess."

If that will would not hold in law, says the Four-Track News—there being no possible room for doubt as to the intent thereof—the fault is with the law, not the will.

FOR WOMEN WHO SMOKE.



A smoking car for women is the latest innovation on English railroads, and has aroused a storm of criticism all over the world. The accompanying illustration shows the magnificence with which the apartment is fitted up. The car is of the modern Pullman type, and is being liberally patronized.

Tricks.

Charlie—There was a splendid trick done last evening. I saw a man actually turn a handkerchief into an egg.

Billy—That's nothing. I saw a man only about a week ago turn a cow into a field.—The Pitts.

Turned Down.

"Has disappointment come to you?"
"No, I went looking for it; I went over and proposed to Miss Scadds last night."—Houston Post.

QUAINT OLD JURY BOX.

It Was in Use in Lynn, Massachusetts, from 1732 to 1903.

A little lacquered, wooden box, now in the possession of the Lynn Historical society, and labeled simply "Old Jury Box," could, had it a tongue, tell a long and most interesting story of the growth of the town and city of Lynn during the past 200 years.

The box itself is like most other boxes made in the early part of the eighteenth century, dovetailed at the corners and glued together. It is not a large box, yet the names of many of Lynn's best citizens have been drawn from it for service on a jury sitting in judgment on their fellow-men.

On the bottom of the box are the figures "1732," and it is thought that this is the date the box was made. By whom it was constructed nobody seems to know, and nothing can be found in the old town records regarding its use. However, it is known that it was used nearly 200 years, and that it is probably the oldest box in Lynn to-day.

From the time it was constructed until 1903 it was in constant use. But as the years rolled by and the town grew into a city, and a small city into one of great proportions, the box proved too small to hold the names of the jurors.

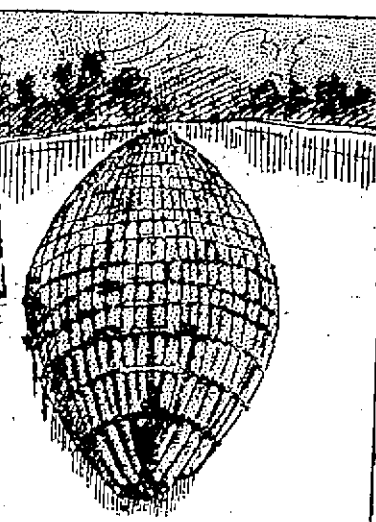
In 1903 City Clerk Joseph W. Attwell ordered a new jury box to be made. This is of oak and much larger than the old box. Soon after the completion of the new box the old box was presented to the Lynn Historical society, and at present rests in a large wall cabinet.

The box has a bail of hand-wrought iron and an old-fashioned lock and hinges of the same material. A little slot in the top admits of dropping the names into the box. The inside is left in the natural wood, but the outside is lacquered, and is about the color of old mahogany.

ODD TIMBER RAFTS.

The Lumber Industry of America as Seen by an English Paper.

America is so rich in timber—she possesses 300 species of trees of which the smallest grows as high as 30 feet—and has such magnificent rivers that the timber trade is carried out



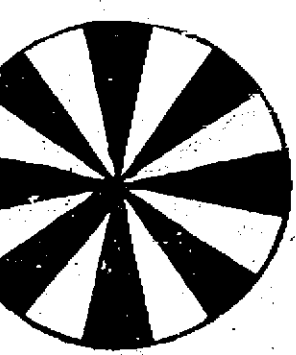
TIMBER RAFT AFLOAT.

on a scale which we in our little country can scarcely imagine, says the London Sphere. Many of these rafts float of their own accord, while others are hauled by curious vessels known as "alligators." They are specially used on the Canadian lakes and rivers and have been described as a cross between a boat and a grasshopper, for they can navigate a dry and dusty road or make their way through a swamp or over a wind-fall. The Lumber Jack is said to be losing some of his old picturesqueness, but he retains enough individuality to mark him off from other classes of workers. He is simple and natural, generous and fearless, manly and independent. The picture shown in this column illustrates the method of lumbering in western Washington. When the logs are cut they are either skidded down to the rivers or are floated thither and bound together with enormous chains. In many cases they are built into a sort of floating cage which is released from beneath them when the pile is completed. It is no uncommon sight to see a raft containing logs worth \$1,000,000.

A MYSTERIOUS COIN.

A Peculiar Trick That You Will Not Be Able to Explain Satisfactorily.

Stand with your back to the light, holding the sheet containing this circle by the bottom right-hand corner. Stare at the diagram, at the same



(Time giving the sheet a continuous revolving movement in either direction. After a few turns a silver coin, sometimes the size of a quarter, sometimes of a half dollar, will be seen in the diagram.)

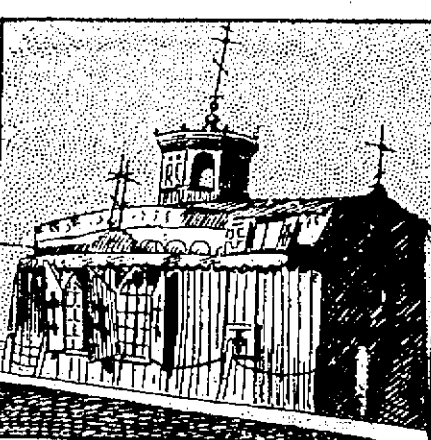
Mr. Stople—The last time I called on you—
Miss Terence—Oh, was it really?—Cleveland Leader.

A CURIOUS CHURCH

ODD PLACE OF WORSHIP IN WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Constructed of All Sorts of Material and Used by Russian Settlers—A Tribute to the Priest.

Necessity is known to be the mother of invention, and the Canadian west is full of examples of how the enterprise and adaptability of pioneers has roughly fashioned to the uses of civilization the virgin resources of nature. The accompanying picture represents the place of worship of the Greek Orthodox Church of Canada, situated on Stella street, Winnipeg, and it is an example, the most curious in our acquaintance, of how the energy



ODD CANADIAN CHURCH.

and inventiveness of determined persons may accomplish their end by the use of the most unlikely and extraordinary means. The materials out of which this amorphous place of worship is constructed consist principally of old lumber, scrap iron, odd pieces of tin, with divers miscellaneous articles of domestic and commercial use added in apparently promiscuous fashion. The lumber has been nailed from the outside with little regard to the perpendicular or horizontal, and fastened together with ties of every size and variety from a single nail to a railway spike. To summon laggard worshippers to service there is a locomotive bell hanging over the entrance door, the panels of which are elaborated with old picture-frame molding. Pieces of broken machinery, garden tools, etc., are scattered over the building as ornaments, and from the dome on top stands but a cross made of two curtain poles. The commercial value of the whole structure is only a fraction of the worth of the lot on which it stands. It is a testimony—curious, but inspiring—to the devotion and resourcefulness of the priest who built and still occupies it.

WASN'T A "DARNED FOOL."

What a Farmer Thought When the Telephone Was Still a Novelty.

Years ago, when telephones were still a novelty, a farmer from the outskirts of Manchester, N. H., came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his, now United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, whom he supplied with butter, and who had had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."

After speaking through the phone, he went on: "No; my wife says no." The farmer's face was a study for a moment. Then he broke out with: "Look a-here, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a 'rube' and have my whiskers full of hay and hayseed, but I'm not such a darned fool as to believe that your wife is in that box!"

IRVING'S BOOK PLATE.



The book plate used by Sir Henry Irving has now a recognized value in a collection of such designs. The copies of the plate have already been sold at good prices in England and on the continent. The design, which was made by direction of the great actor, is shown herewith.

Memories of his Youth.

A hard-headed old Pittsburgh manufacturer who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert, the first he had ever attended, relates Success Magazine. The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance who had seen him the night before, who asked:

"I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said, with a reminiscent sigh.

"Ah, summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing, and all that?"

"No, the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton."

LAST OF THE BLOOMERS.

One Lonely Old Woman the Sole Survivor of the Once Famous Band.

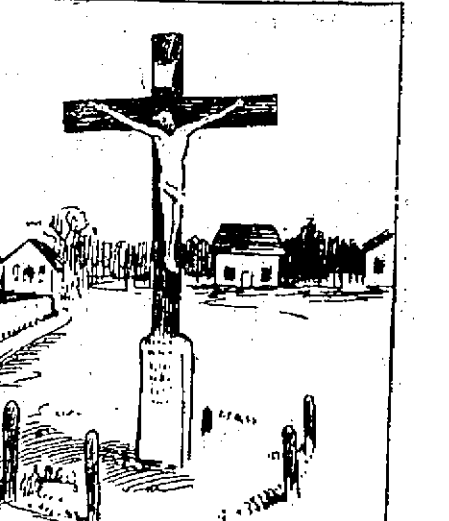
All that remains of the famous "Bloomer Band" of half a century ago is one lonely old woman and a new word in the dictionary. The term "bloomers" has survived, but few know that the word had its origin in a movement of half a century ago for the revolutionizing of woman's costume as a first step toward the enforcement of equal rights with men. The woman who led this band was Mrs. Anne Bloomer, of New York. Mrs. Bloomer was a famous advocate of woman's rights, but she attained world-wide fame only when she called upon her enslaved sisters to break the shackles, defy convention and the male sex and step into the light of day wearing trousers, the uniform of liberty. Not all at once did the little band of women who responded to the Bloomer call cast aside the garb of the down-trodden sex. A compromise was effected in the form of a costume part trousers part skirt. It was hideous, a nightmare, a thing to make both sexes shudder and seek the woods. But many women set their teeth and marched into the limelight wearing the new "Bloomer" costume.

The entire world shrieked. The Bloomerites were lampooned in type and picture, even Punch considered the subject important enough for his satirical shafts. The nerve of some of the Bloomerites failed them after a time and the costume became less and less familiar in the streets of American cities. It was generally supposed that nothing remained of the Bloomer movement but the name, now applied to more than one kind of nether garment. But there is one "Bloomer" woman still living and still boldly facing a mocking world, wearing the costume adopted at the time of the futile movement of half a century ago. This last survivor of the famous Bloomer brigade is Susan Fowler, of Vineland, N. J. For 40 years she has lived her life, gathered her harvest and, clad in the costume to which she has ever remained faithful, has driven to market to sell her produce. Indifferent to the attention she attracts, the only living Bloomer woman walks the streets of Jersey town or toils on her farm, dressed in the garb over which the comic papers of the world cackled with merriment in the fifties. It may be funny to some, but it is a little pathetic, too, to see the lonely old woman (for she is 80 years of age and works and lives in solitude) clinging stanchly to the dress she undertook to wear when women were calling on their sisters to discard the skirt of thralldom and be free like men.

INDIAN CRUCIFIX.

Life-Size Carving of Christ Erected by Tribe of British Columbia Indians.

Life-size carving of Christ on the cross, executed and erected entirely by the Squamish tribe of Indians at their reservation, North Vancouver.



THE WORK OF INDIANS.

B. C. The cross is one piece, cut from mahogany, and the figure is also in one piece, carved from a hard white ivy tree which grows in the mountains around the reservation. The carving is a masterpiece, and shows every vein and muscle that a living figure would show. A close inspection with a magnifying glass will reveal the following inscription on the base of the cross: "Memorial of Solemn Homage to Our Lord Jesus Christ, Erected by the Squamish Indians, A. D. 1900."

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

Chances Lost Sight of by Man Who Was Making His First Public Speech.

Mr. Sidener had made his first public speech. His subject was good—the iniquities of industrial economy—and he hoped his treatment had been adequate. He was not sure. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent, relates Youth's Companion.

She had listened to him from the gallery of the town hall, and he had half-expected her to meet him at the door afterward, and to say, as soon as they were out of hearing: "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half-way home, and she had said nothing of the kind.

"Well," he began, awkwardly, when he could bear it no longer, "what did you think of my speech?"

"What you said was all right," she answered, with guarded enthusiasm. "But it seemed to me you didn't make the most of your opportunities."

"What do you mean, Eddy?"

"Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."

Horse Shoeing

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Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller Avenue, or 11 Union street. Will receive prompt attention. Telephone at office and residence.

COAL AND WOOD

C. E. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchants

Coal and Wood
Sells Cor State and Water Sts

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.40 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 9.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Somersworth—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Rochester—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Dover—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For York Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Portsmouth, Ellot and Kittery—9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 9.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Wells Beach—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 2.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.28 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.30, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.23 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave, Concord—7.46, 10.26 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 6.12 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.10, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Wootville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.

C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Ellot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 10.55 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Ellot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Ellot and Kittery—8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Ellot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Ellot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sunday—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Ellot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr. Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.03, 5.50, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.10, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. F. ROSS, Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard. Approved: W. W. MEAD, Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

S. G. LONDRES

10 Cent Cigar

Has No Equal.

S. GRYZMISH, MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots

CARED FOR AND TENDING DONE.

With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the tending and graving of lots, and to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies, in addition to work at the cemetery he will do tending and graving in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale: Also Coan and Fort. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rialto and Avenue South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Hovey, at Market Street, will be promptly attended to.

M. J. CRIPPIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton 7.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Hampton (B. H. & A. Junction) at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.30 a. m., 8.45 a. m., 11.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights 11.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (B. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.49 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street on 10.35 p. m. Sunday.

Last cars each night run to cable barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m. and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to cable barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.20, 11.19 a. m., 2.35 and 5.12 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 3.40, 4.40, 4.52, 7.25, 8.50, 9.00 and 11.00 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m., and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.08 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

*Omitted Holidays.

*Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

*xSaturdays only.

*xMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt. C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 2.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, 11.45 p. m.

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.55, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratton only.

FOR TEN YEARS

We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble business in the neighboring city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterbury, Conn. During this time we have not considered monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we intend to devote our entire business to the carving of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies, in addition to work at the cemetery he will do tending and graving in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale: Also Coan and Fort. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rialto and Avenue South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Hovey, at Market Street, will be promptly attended to.

FRED C. SMALLLEY, Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to The S. J. Fowler,

NO. 2 WATER STREET.

BURGLAR ON SKATES.

"It's dark lanterns and jimmies that you're most likely to think of when you're thinking of a man in my line of work," said the retired burglar, "and you wouldn't ever naturally think of him as finding any use in his business for such innocent things as sleds and skates; but I used 'em both, once, in a little expedition that I made not long after I started in the profession."

"I was living then in a small town on the banks of a river, and I got out one winter night to clean out a house that I'd sized up in another town on the banks about ten miles up the stream. We'd had a thaw and a rain and then a hard freeze and I didn't want to foot it 20 miles over rough, humpy frozen roads, and I didn't see any reason why I couldn't go nicely and easily up the river to this town on skates and come back the same way with the stuff on a sled."

"The river hadn't gone out with the thaw and the freeze after the rain had made the skating there great, and I was going to take the chances of finding a sled in the house I was going to. The moon was right. I had it going up, and saw the last of it just before I struck the house."

"And the house was a good one, and I got the stuff together easily and without disturbing anybody at all, and I found, as I had expected I would, a sled in the cellar, and I got that out, and got the stuff, all in a sack, roped onto it securely, and started down the bank back to the river and got on my skates again and started down the way I had come."

"It was very dark now, with the moon down, so that I couldn't see the river, as I had come up; but darkness was what I wanted, and I knew the river pretty well, anyway; but the first thing I knew, scooting along, dragging that sled behind me, and down I went, through an air hole, and the next second I found myself beyond it under the ice!"

"Well, that was a situation? Sure. And I had my jimmy in one pocket and my lantern in another; I was weighted down good and plenty, and I sure did seem as though there would be nothing further doing for me till the ice broke up in the spring, and then—all this skatin' through my mind in about two seconds, you know—I realized that I had something in my right hand. I was still hanging on to the sled rope. And good it seemed to have even that connection with the world above, and I hung onto that, you can bet, but the next instant, or all in the same one, I guess, I thought that if I pulled on it I'd pull the sled down through the thin ice around me, or pull it over onto my head. But pull I did; it was all I had, and by snakes, I didn't give."

"And an instant later I had my head out of water, and then, hanging on to the rope and then the sled, I finally managed to get out onto firm ice again. When I dropped down through that air hole the sled had shot on over my head and over the hole and the runners had caught just right to grip 'em good and hard in the roots of an old tree sticking up, frozen hard in the ice, on the other side of it."

"It certainly was a fool thing for me to do, skating as I was and fast freezing up, to stop and try to clear that sled, but that's what I did, and I got it clear and started on with it again, skating now as fast as I could go to get some warmth into me if I could."

"Going that way around a point that made a bend in the river the sled swung out as I made the turn and the first thing I knew one of the sled runners had caught on an ice-ripple, or a stick or something in the ice, as it swung, and turned over and smashed down through a thin spot there was there, bringing me up all standing; for I still hung on to the rope."

"But I had come to my senses by this time, and I didn't make much of an effort to get the sled out. I did make one little tug on the rope, but when I heard the ice cracking around the edge of the hole where the sled had gone down, I dropped it and hot-footed for home; once under the ice was enough for me in one night. I had sense enough now not to take any chances on that."

"Whether the folk ever got the sled and the silver back I don't know, but I got pneumonia as a result of the trip, and had a great old time; and always after that I stuck to the solid road in winter. I might find some use for the river in the summer, when I could get there and back in a boat, but there was nothing doing for me any more on the ice."—N. Y. Sun.

LUCK FOR A GRUB-STAKER.

Prospectors Occasionally Realize Their Dreams of Great Riches—An Irishman's Fortunate Strike.

Up in the Black Hills in South Dakota are a number of those queer individuals, the prospector or grub staker, whose prospect holes dot the hillside for miles like a great rabbit warren. Their little log cabins are usually far from the haunts of man in the fastnesses of the mountains, and their lonely labors are only occasionally rewarded by discoveries of the hidden riches of the earth. One of these strange characters—in fact, says the Washington Star, the most eccentric in the hills—was a big red-headed Irishman.

For 20 years he had tunneled and blasted without a strike rewarding his toil. Last summer Dame Fortune smiled upon him. He opened up a rich lode, which he quickly disposed of for a good round sum. With the money in his pocket he hastened to Deadwood, where he announced his intention of taking a trip to the emerald isle. In arranging the itinerary of the journey the ticket agent asked him if he wanted a cabin or saloon passage. The son of Erin very indignantly responded: "A cabin, in it? What the devil would I be doing in a cabin with the thousand dollars in me pocket? Put me in the saloon, for I'm a bar. D'yemould."

ROBINA-ANNE.

BY L. PARRY THURGOOD.

"Now, I wonder—!" said Robina-Anne; "and again I wonder—!" Robina-Anne had a soft, round chin with a dimple in it. She had soft, round eyes and an infinitely sly and captivating habit of looking sideways out of them. She looked in this fashion now at her young man.

"I should so like to know," she said, beginning quite afresh, "if you really love me, Charlie, or only think you do?" "Why, Robina-Anne, what a question! Haven't we been engaged a whole six months?"

"Oh, yes," said Robina-Anne, looking down. "I am taking it for granted that you thought you loved me six months ago."

"I loved you," he corrected her. "We decided six months ago for—six months ago," said Robina-Anne. "We thought a great deal about it, and oh!—and we certainly talked a great deal about it, and I believe we were both quite honest. Charlie—she broke off to say, in a tone that was an odd misfit with the evenness of the rest of her speech—"Charlie, you meant every word you said, didn't you, dear?"

"Every blessed word of it!" "Yes," she went on, "we decided quite comfortably for then. But one changes—one grows—Oh, Charlie, Charlie!"

"What?" the lad cried, roughly seizing her delicate wrists, trying to read her look. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I have seen you changing—seen you grow—"

"With steady eyes she watched the play of emotions on his face. Relief first of all, and amazement and appreciation of herself, but quite a new appreciation and over everything and beyond everything again—relief, clearing from his troubled brow, that was the index of his simple mind, a multitude of doubts, and making room for a new, an overmastering joy."

"So we shan't be married in a month, Charlie—or ever," said Robina-Anne. She drew her hands from his, and then, without a backward look, she left him alone, as he longed to be, that he might slowly realize, and take unto himself this unexpected good—yes, actually good fortune that had come to him!

Robina-Anne had a rosy mouth with a delicate upward curve at either corner. She made it for her to laugh with, and she principally used it for that. She set it bravely to laughter through the days that followed, and she smiled her blue eyes into taking their cue from her laughing mouth. It was the first time in her sunny life that her mouth had needed coaxing out of her. But she had this much merriness on herself, that, having started her Charlie on the way to happiness, she contrived to see as little as possible of his progress upon that overcast path.

So that she did not hear how the young woman with a little money very naïvely and humbly roused poor, prudent Charlie's outstretched hand and unstable heart. Perhaps she had previously thought out a prettier investment for her money. As that may be, Robina-Anne heard nothing of it, and only reluctantly pictures him steeped in new joys until she came upon him very evidently stepped contrariwise, in a fit of deep dejection. He was sitting upon a convenient gate, a gate that Robina-Anne had often shared with him, and his face was gloomy to a degree defying description.

"Oh, you poor Charlie!" exclaimed Robina-Anne. "Don't tell me you're tired of her already and in love with a third girl?"

"I've done with girls," growled Charlie. "Don't! Broken it off so soon?"

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
MARCH 20

RUN RISES 5:49; MOON SETS. 10:00 A. M.
SUN SETS. 5:53; FULL MOON. 01:50 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY. 12:05

First Quarter, March 21st, 10:10 a. m., evening, W.
Full Moon, March 29th, 2:41 a. m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10:10 a. m., morning, W.
New Moon, April 13th, 2:41 a. m., evening, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Thirty-eight degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

Next Sunday is Palm Sunday.
There is said to be a new trust in town.
A drop in the price of coal is predicted.
The Fogg Library of Elliot will be dedicated in April.
The days have passed the twelve hour mark in length.
Pollock will soon make their appearance in the river.
The paper mill is turning out all the pulp it can handle.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
The Burdock Club elected some new officers Tuesday night.
The water department has its troubles with the standpipe.
There will soon be some heavy hammering at the forge plant.
United States Court seldom lasts more than one day in this city.
Star Island of the Shoals group will take on new life this summer.
Pictures of the Langdon mansion appear in many newspapers and magazines.
The southeasterly storm of Tuesday night was a rough one for the life-saving crews.
Another hold-up in the work at Henderson's Point. Will the job ever be finished?
There were more days of sleighing this winter than for any winter in the past fifty years.
"Come on with your first robin stories," invites the Concord Monitor. We heard ours long ago.
California is rapidly becoming a more popular winter resort than Florida with Portsmouth people.
There is nothing to indicate that the insects pests will be less troublesome this year than they were last.
There is great interest at the navy yard over the appointment of the new Chief of Bureau of Yards and Docks.
There was a pretty dancing party at Pelican hall Tuesday evening under the management of Berry and Snow.
The March number of the Granite Monthly marks a distinct advance in that publication in point of timeliness and interest.
Plans are being offered for bids for Penhallow and Daniel streets, to be the new building at the corner of erected by J. B. Pabst.

TWO OF A KIND

The Boston and Maine railroad has ordered the old figures, 1868, which were removed from the end of the station where repairs are being made, sent to the Salem shops as a souvenir. The company certainly ought to have sent that going on the front of the restaurant along with the figures.

CONVENTION DELEGATES

At the last meeting of Court Rockingham, Foresters of America, William A. A. Cullen and John Leary were elected delegates and Eugene Sullivan and George P. Scott were chosen alternates to the state convention of the order to be held in May at Nashua.

GOING ALONG PRETTY FAST

The local division of Hibernians has been making a great hustle for new members of late, and has added thirty names to its roll during the past month.

AT HALF-MAST

The flag at Liberty Bridge is at half-mast today (Wednesday) as a mark of respect for the late Thomas P. Salter.

DERRICK FELL

At The Navy Yard Injuring Two Men

JOHN WAY FATALLY INJURED, FRANK MORSE A BROKEN SHOULDER

John Way, age 35 years, of Chelsea, and Frank Morse, age 33 years of Kittery, were seriously injured Tuesday afternoon by the falling of a derrick at the navy yard.

Both men were employed by the New England Structural Steel Company, who have a sub-contract for Whittier and Haynes who are building the new boiler shop.

The injured men were assisting in hoisting a steel girder on the big derrick, when a guy wire broke and the derrick fell. Way who was directly in the path of the big mast, was struck a glancing blow on the head and felled to the ground. Morse was more fortunate and was struck on the shoulder. Both men were removed to the naval hospital. Way in an unconscious condition, suffering from a fractured skull. They were attended by Dr. Freeman, and Way was brought in the yard ambulance to the Cottage hospital in this city, while Morse who had a fractured shoulder was removed to his home in Kittery.

Way died at the Cottage Hospital this (Wednesday) morning.

He was thirty-two years old and leaves a wife and two children in Chelsea, Mass. His body was taken to that city by Undertaker O. W. Ham this afternoon.

THE NEW SYSTEM

Of Bookkeeping To Be Inaugurated At City Hall

The new system of bookkeeping, spoken of some weeks ago in The Herald, is being inaugurated at City Hall. The work is being done by Henry T. Mitchell of the Boston Library Bureau, an expert in such work.

It is understood that under the new system the city auditor will be the big gun and will have easy access to the books of all other departments. He will also be required to furnish every month a financial statement of the city, which will be given every councilman and the daily papers. The new method, it is said, will relieve the city clerk of all work regarding taxes. Such books as he now has will be turned over to the tax collector down stairs, who will do all the work, part of which has been done by the city clerk for years.

A complete change, a much simplified system, will be made in the books of the city treasurer. His accounts, which are now kept in three different books, will be confined to one book and matters relative to his department will be straightened out to a great extent.

It is also said that when matters are perfected, the changes may lead to all monies paid to the city being handed to the city treasurer and to no other official.

This is the first time in years that the books have had such an overhaul.

TROLLEY WIRE DOWN

Breaking Of The Limb Of A Tree Causes Trouble

Shortly after eleven o'clock this (Wednesday) forenoon, a large limb broke from a tree near the Ladd residence on Market street and fell heavily across the trolley wire of the electric street railway, stripping it from its place nearly the whole length of Market street between Hanover and Deer streets.

The accident caused an interruption in the service on the Christian Shore loop and the cars could only be run on the loop between the corner of Bridge street and the foot of Deer street.

They were run on the regular schedule time, however, the only regular trip lost being at noon. The repair crew was soon on the spot and temporarily hung the trolley, so that complete service was restored about one o'clock.

The first baseball game is less than a month away.

A CHICKERING UPRIGHT PIANO

Slightly used, in perfect condition, latest model, dark Mahogany case, in every respect as good as if just from factory. This Piano will be sold at a bargain; price and terms on application.

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

LORD BILL PASSED

Approved By The State Senate, With Amendments

(Special to The Herald)

Concord, March 20.—The Senate today passed the Lord mileage bill, with amendments, and sent it to the House for the concurrence of that body.

As amended, the bill provides that passes are to be issued to members of the Legislature only when the Legislature is in session.

POLICE COURT

Ilazen Caswell was before Judge Simms in police court today charged with the larceny of a watch valued at \$17 from Austin Remick. Caswell pleaded not guilty and testified that the watch was given to him to keep time for a bout at the armory. While the boxers were preparing for the bout he went to the Kearsarge House to see a friend and in some manner lost the watch on the way.

He said that he reported the loss to Remick in less than thirty minutes after leaving the armory, but had no idea what became of the time piece.

The court maintained that the state had no case against the man, but City Solicitor Corey thought that the facts connected with the case were strong enough to hold the defendant.

The court took the case under consideration.

The suit case, Allard against Cohen, was brought up again today (Wednesday), for the second time and was continued to allow the counsel for the plaintiff, Allard, Harry F. Allen, to file briefs.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The Massachusetts Contracting Company has arranged with the New York Submarine Dredging Company of New York for the use of a large dredger to complete the work at Henderson's Point. The apparatus is expected to arrive here in about a week.

Ernest P. Parker of the construction and repair department has returned to duty after a sick furlough.

The rowboats from the South End had a hard passage across the river both ways today (Wednesday), owing to the high wind and tide. There were no dry land sailors in the bunch after the trips today.

The river was the roughest today (Wednesday) for years, the spray washing clear over the bow of ferry steamer, No. 132, on her trips to and from the yard.

Mrs. Finkey, wife of First Officer Finkey of the United States collier Leonidas, has joined her husband while that ship is in port.

Constructor Stahl means that the stone dry dock shall be clean and many compliments have been heard on the transformation that has taken place in the basin during the past week.

John C. Dolan, stenographer in the construction main office, is away from his duties, owing to illness.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

There will be a reception to navy yard employees tonight from eight until 10:30. Hon. Henry E. Barnham, United States senator, will be present and will make a brief address.

For the convenience of the men living in Elliot, the Atlantic Shore Line will run the eleven o'clock car tonight.

The big indoor athletic meet promises to be a great event. The Port-

land Association will send a strong delegation and our men will make a big effort to wrest from them the laurels of their last victory. It is also expected that Newburyport will be represented. From all indications, April 9 ought to be long remembered as a gala athletic night.

The gymnasium class for men will meet tonight at eight o'clock sharp. A large attendance is desired.

A large crowd is expected Saturday afternoon, when the local Association High School division will play the Newburyport boys' basketball team.

The boys' gymnastic carnival to be held on April 4 will have a number of interesting and surprising events.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Sherman T. Newton is visiting relatives in Manchester.

James Harvey of Boyd road is in Manchester on business today.

Mr. George Hughes, City Solicitor of Dover, was here on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles T. Perkins of Cabot street is confined to her home with the grip.

Miss Nellie Cronin has returned from an extended visit to friends in Manchester.

Rev. W. J. Cavanaugh attended the consecration of Bishop Guertin at Manchester Tuesday.

General Manager W. G. Meloon, of the Atlantic Shore Line, goes to Bangor today on business.

Janitor Robert Plimney of the Whipple school is confined to his home on Marcy street with a severe cold.

Mrs. Mary I. Wood is attending a business meeting of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs in Concord today.

Rev. Fr. Walter L. Dee witnessed the ceremonies in connection with the consecration of Bishop Guertin on Tuesday.

Miss Teresa Leary of Russell street has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. V. J. Murphy of Charlestown, Mass.

Judge William L. Putnam of Portland came to this city today (Wednesday) to attend the funeral of Thomas P. Salter.

Mrs. H. J. Freeman, Mrs. William Dowdell and Mrs. Joseph Gardiner are passing a few days in Boston and other Massachusetts cities.

Fred Dame, driver for the Standard Oil Company, who was injured several weeks ago in an accident at York, is so far recovered as to be able to be out again.

Rev. Fr. Herbert E. Hennon of Enfield, formerly of this city, was among the New Hampshire clergymen who attended the consecration of Bishop Guertin at Manchester on Tuesday.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral services of Thomas P. Salter were held this (Wednesday) forenoon from his late home on State street. Rev. Alfred Gooding was the clergyman and read selections from the Scriptures. Many old time friends and associates of Mr. Salter attended the funeral and there were numerous floral tributes of rare beauty. Burial was in Proprietors' cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Clarissa D. Drake The death occurred in Rye on Tuesday of Mrs. Clarissa D. Drake, aged eighty-eight years. She was the widow of Joseph J. Drake and leaves two sons, Adams E., and Abram E. Drake of Rye, and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Garland of Exeter and Mrs. Blake Rand of Rye. Funeral services will be held at the Congregational Church in Rye on Friday afternoon at half-past two.

A SMOKER

Enjoyed By Members Of The Yacht Club

The members of the Portsmouth Yacht Club enjoyed one of the best smoke talks of the season at their quarters on Tuesday evening, and there was an exceptionally large attendance of the members.

Frank Goodwin was the chief attraction and for an hour he held the attention of the crowd with stories and songs. Frank had some new ones that made a hit. Horace Rowe was also present and his coon songs and selections on the piano were a feature of the evening.

A substantial lunch was served and it was a late hour before the crowd broke away for the night.

The following program was given from eight until ten o'clock:

Piano Solo Horace Rowe
Coon Song Frank Goodwin
Monologue Frank Goodwin
Song, duet, Goodwin and Rowe
Song "It is a Long Way Back To Dear Old Mother's Knee, Horace Rowe.

German Recitation Mr. Wyman
Piccolo Solo W. T. Betton
Song, "Moses Andrew Jackson Good-bye," Horace L. Rowe.

Piccolo Solo, "The Reels," W. T. Betton.

There is an exceptional interest in the club this spring, and although the Kittery Yacht Club have organized with many of the members, they are to retain their membership in this club also. The outlook is that the motor boat fleet will be greatly increased this spring.

CHRIST CHURCH NOTES

The evening Lenten services on Thursday and Friday of this week will be held in the church at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. Fr. Field, S. S. J. E., of Boston, will preach on Thursday. The Lenten music will be sung by the vested choir.

Sunday next being Palm Sunday there will be the blessing and distribution of palms, with solemn procession at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The annual Easter parish gathering will be held in Freeman's Hall on Tuesday in Easter week, April 2. It will be held under the auspices of the Men's Society.

The annual united choir service of the vested choir of the diocese will be held in this church in the Octave of the Ascension, May 16. The attendance will be very large and the music of a high order.

There is some Winter left yet.

CUT PRICE EACH WEEK

Watch This Space

THIS WEEK
Garden Formosa Tea 45c. lb.
Fino " 35c. lb.
Extra Fine Breakfast Tea 38c. lb.
Fancy Ceylon Tea 35c. lb.

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95 1-2 CONGRESS ST.
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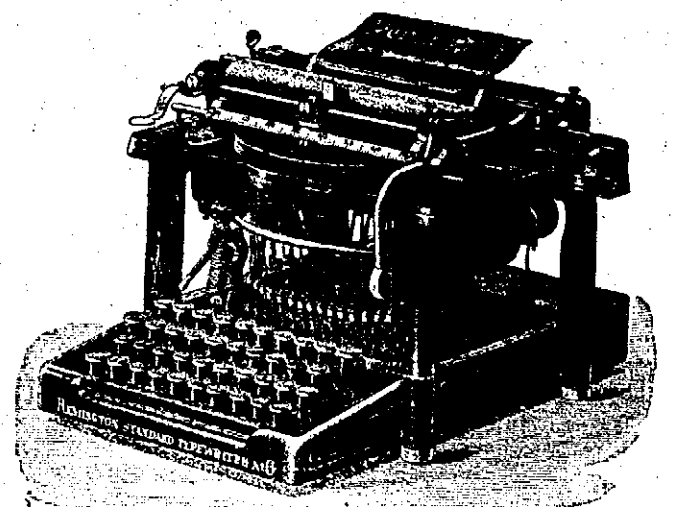
J. P. McCaffery

Haven Ct., off High
Telephone 321-2

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Parts furnished for all makes. New and second hand sewing machines, bought, sold and rented.

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All kinds of edge tools sharpened.
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to be found in the city. Among the woolen certainties for Spring and Summer we show a full range of special patterns in exclusive designs and many decided novelties in all the newest weaves as well as the favorite staple goods.

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TELEPHONE 311-12.

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100 PAIRS OF

Plain Muslin Curtains

With full ruffle and good muslin. This is the best Curtain we have sold for the money and is absolutely worth 50c. For this sale we have marked them while they last.

28 CENTS.

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Complete House Furnisher.